

THE
BLAZING COMET:
The Mad Lovers ;
OR, THE
BEAUTIES of the POETS.

A
P L A Y,
As it is ACTED at the
NEW-THEATRE
IN THE
H A R Y - M A R K E T.

By Mr. JOHNSON,
Author of HURLOTHRUMBO.

L O N D O N,
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To Her GRACE the
Dutches of RICHMOND.

THE Goodness of your Grace will persuade you to excuse this high Presumption, when you please to consider, that Poets, for their own Security, dedicate their Plays to Persons of the greatest Compass in their Tast, that are the most and best belov'd, as being only capable to recommend their Works to the World.

Ever since I hoped the Shine of your radiant Countenance would glitter upon this my Play, I have presum'd to call it the *Blazing Comet*; and that Hieroglyphick tells us, we must look aloft, where Angels oft, in Transports hand about, the beautiful Picture of your Celestial Soul, which illuminates the Mind, and lights us to the Everlasting: for who can gaze,

iv DEDICATION.

gaze, and not be in love, with the grand Creator of so highly fine Perfections? And now with the Quill of an Eagle in my Hand, they touch and wrap me in divine Thoughts, and make me ready to leap up in Extasy, and dip my Pen in the Sun. For when I write of so much Goodness, I cannot flatter, because I speak of the Greatness of Him, that wills this Good in You, and when you appear full Orb'd at Court, You shine like the Moon amongst the Stars. And as for Your Sun-like glorious Comfort, he travels in the Paths of Purity, on the Meridian high of Heaven; in lofty Condescension he darts to the Globe his living Beams, but never is defiled with Clay: He meets in the Eclipse to salute the Moon, in the Presence of all the World; then, oh then, we think sublime of Love Divine! Though, when the Beauties of the Universe are snatch'd away from view, the face of Heaven frowns; but soon again you shine upon the World, and, as the travelling Angels, increase the Blazing

DEDICATION.

v

Blazing Road, the Milky Way on high;
so You, like a true Native of the Sky,
do leave a shining Path behind you as
you pass, to enlighten and encourage
others to follow your high sublime Ex-
ample. For sure there are but few on
Earth, that come so near to the grand
Pattern from Heaven as Yourself; so
Innocent and Wise, Benevolent and
Generous, so Divine and Gay. And
thus may you live above the World,
till Time himself shall die away; and
twice ten thousand Thunders, bursting
Discord from his horrid Groans, the
Animal-tasted Mortals perish at the
blasting Sound; when you, with the
Ethereal Queen of the South may
mount a Throne, and Heaven unfold
its Glory; when Light will dissolve
itself in Air.

*Then silver-colour'd Winds come flying
from on high,
And rapid Radiant Torrents cover all
the Sky.*

Where

vi DEDICATION.

Where you on your Throne of
Taste will ride, blown on amain by
the chaunting Breath, proceeding from
the Sound of Angels Harmony.

*When trembling Mortals have no Power
to gaze,
On Skies amazing with so fine a Blaze;
The Sun's bright Beams will at your
Shines decay,
And Cæsars dazled will mistake their
Way.*

As the Works of Greatness strengthen
the eternal Opticks of the Soul, ---- no
one shall labour more, to behold this
Shine Celestial, than

Your most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

SAMUEL JOHNSON.



TO THE
POETS
OF
FUTURE AGES.

WHEN I did my self the Honour to wait upon Mr. *Charles Stanhope*, at *Elverston* in *Derbyshire*, and observing how he receiv'd and entertain'd every body in their own way ; of all Ranks and Degrees of Men ; he Reads all, Retains all, Tastes all and Rewards all ; this brought to my Remembrance the Character of noble *Nathan*, in the Writings of *Boccace* the *Italian Philosopher*, who certainly was inspired by some great Man of his time, as I was by the most generous hospitable Person I know in these days. For if you observe, the rich Men have but one way of exceeding us poor Men, and that is, by their Abundance, they have great power to encourage Merit ; but are commonly so unfortunate, as to shuffle off the opportunity, and render themselves Odious in the Eyes of the most Discerning.

Upon these like Reflections, I resolv'd under the name of *Sublimo*, to bring the noble *Nathan* upon the

the Stage ; the Taste of these Times admiring old Songs in their Plays, and making Food of that, which was design'd as Physick, in the *Beggar's Opera*. And by this hint I presum'd first to adorn my Characters with such Speeches out of the old Authors, as I thought most proper for my purpose, no one keeping more Company than my self ; my reading being chiefly Men, an humble Listener to those of the most refin'd Parts. I am much oblig'd to Ed. Sneyde Esq ; and other great Men that have a taste of the Beauties of Authors ; but having too little of these, and too much of my own, the Piece is not so good as some Men of this Age would have made it ; tho' no Play was ever honour'd more with the Shine of Stars, than was the *Blazing Comet*, encourag'd chiefly by the Lord and Lady Brudenel.

The Play being a moral Piece, I was happy in hope, when I thought to perform it in Lent, that it would be a Fish-Feast to the Intellect of the Ladies. But I found my self mistaken in my poetical Cookery, till the sixth night. In the days of Queen Elizabeth the Taste of the Fair Sex made a *Shakespear*, their Palates like Steels struck upon *Shakespear's Flint*, and fore'd out all his Fire ; and if you chance to live in an Age when the Taste of the Ladies wants new Steeling, dip your Pen in the Ink of their Inclinations, write in a low Stile, never mount their Intellects upon Eagle-Wings, set them upon the Backs of Bees, and let them fly in pursuit of Butterflies, then you'll be sure of the Beaus ; let there be no Gaul in your Ink, be not guilty of the meanest of Wit, a Satire-Writer is a Feeder of Wolves. Be not like the famous Scrivener, who was so excellent in the Flourish of the first Letter of his Copy, that the Sense of the Word was lost to the vulgar Eye.

As

As for me, I write according to my own Taste, and study for Variety ; for Variety certainly pleases the minds of Mortals most. I will be sure never to write out of rule. *Horace* was the best Judge of Writing, and he says, that Man follows the best Rule, that most pleases and most improves ; and no one follow'd this rule so close as *Shakespear*. An expression like a Diamond, should have a double lustre ; the same Thought that makes the Fool laugh, may make the wise Man sigh. A single-Hand Writer is like the unlearned in Musick, that makes a Treble without a Base, and that Blood is certainly the best, that will colour the most Water ; and that Thought is the finest, that brings to the Mind the most and the best Ideas.

Reading is a travel to the Intellect, Scheme is the Road, the Languages the Hedges, the Thought is the Tavern, the Inn or the Alehouse, according to its degree of entertainment. But if you write for Money, let your Inns alone, and set up Turnpikes, and be sure to make them pay ; for the People of this Age travel the Journey of this Life, like *Londoners*, all upon the gallop ; and if an Angel passes by, they can't discern him, neither can they see nor converse with one another for Noise, Hurry and Dust.

In these days, lives in *London*, without Encouragement, the famous Mr. *Bononcini*, whose Musick for Celestialness of Stile, I am apt to think, will demand remembrance in the Soul after Fire has destroy'd all things in this World ; and I that have translated his Sounds into our own *English* Language, cannot say enough of this great Man, who is rival'd by Mr. *Handel*, a very big Man, who writes his Musick in the *High-Dutch* Taste, with very great success : so when you peruse these two Masters, you'll guess at the Men, and blush

for the Taste of *England*. So if you have Merit, go to *Italy*, and there you'll have encouragement in your Life; but if you're willing to be honour'd after Death, come back again to *England*, and when you die, and are bury'd, they'll be sure to lay upon your Body a Monument of Stone. Tho' I seem to ridicule the misapply'd Bounty of some of our late great Men, yet no one will labour more to gain this Monument, than your Friend to serve you.

S. JOHNSON.



EPI-



EPILOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

*H*owe'er the World our Notions may despise,
In doing good, the Soul's true Greatness lies.
Wou'd you be great indeed? Relieve the Poor,
And open to the Wretched ev'ry Door.

*What Part's more Godlike? What more heav'nly
bright?
Than that of our Magnifico to-night?
In Fortune great, but greater in his Mind,
His Bounty stretches out to all Mankind:
His Virtue shines with such resistless Charms,
Tb' uplifted Hand of Envy it disarms.
With jealous Rage no more Nimpot^o burns,
The Dagger's Point upon himself be turns.*

*But tho' we scarce can hope in this bad Age,
To see a true Sublimo— off the Stage;
(When to be great, is to be void of Shame,
To squander, lewdly jest, dress, whore and game;
When Charity and Goodness have no Part,
But Vanity and Vice divide the Heart)
We beg you'll take tb' Example for a Time,
And let poor Wildfire find you — all Sublime.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Sublimo</i> , a Nobleman of Genoa	Mr. Campbell.
<i>Nimposto</i> , his Rival in Generosity	Mr. Cole.
<i>Wildfire</i> , a mad Lord, in love with Lady <i>Flame</i> .	Mr. Johnson.
<i>Limplo</i> , a Lord	{ at Sub- limo's
<i>Plenty</i> , a rich Glutton	Mr. Jones. Mr. Mynns.
<i>Romondo</i> , an Officer and Companion to <i>Nimposto</i>	{ Mr. Morris.
<i>A Wand'ring Jew</i>	Mr. Giles.
<i>An English Taylor</i> , in love with Queen Elizabeth	{ Mr. Mason.
<i>A Poor Poet</i> , entertain'd by Sub-	Mr. Mason.
<i>Poverty</i> ,	{ Mr. Cross.
<i>Radian</i> , a Good Genius	Mr. Mason.
<i>Orsmadius</i> , an Evil one	Mr. Giles.

W O M E N.

<i>Lady Flame</i> , a mad Lady, in love with <i>Wildfire</i>	{ Mrs. Haywood.
<i>Cristele</i> , in Priest's Habit	Mrs. Palms.
<i>Calpine</i> , Companion to L. <i>Flame</i>	Mrs. Morse.
<i>Symphony</i> , a Singer	Mrs. Fitzgerald.
<i>A Poor Beggar-Woman</i>	Miss Dancy.

Gentlemen, Visitors, Servants and Beggars.



T H E
Blazing Comet, &c.

A C T I.

SCENE, Nimpsto's *House*.

Nimpsto and Romondo meeting:

Nim. ROMONDO, what Tidings from the World?

Rom. The Tongues of Men, Spirits and Angels mount aloft the Æthereal Praise of mighty, bright Sublmo.

Nim. Pray, what do they say of him?

Rom. That he is like the Glorious Orb of Light the Sun; the Sun that imprints the Eastern Skies and Clouds, with his refreshing Rays, gilds the Frontiers of the Horizon, and decks the tops of the Mountains with a chearful Brightness; Earth, Air and Sea participate; he renovates the Elements and every Sublunary Being.

B

Nim.

2 *The BLAZING COMET: or,*

Nim. Your Encomium extends itself too far.

Rom. Too far! *Sublimo* is a Rivulet proceeding from the grand Fountain of Wisdom; Wisdom, that makes all the pompous Pageantry of this World fade and look dull in its presence. Doubtless, Wisdom shines for ever, and is incorruptible; 'tis a pure resplendent Essence, flowing from the Eternal Glory, a sincere Emanation from the Divine Nature, 'tis ten thousand times more serene than the Light, brighter than the Sun, purer than the Sky, and more sparkling than all the Host of the Stars. In the Morning of the World, she rouz'd the benumb'd Chaos, illuminating with Energy from one Extremity of the Universe to the other. She dwells beyond the highest Heaven; her Throne is inaccessible, she enter'd into the High-born Soul of *Sublimo*, and there she shines divinely.

Nim. This grand Mountain of a Man that shrouds his mighty Head in Heaven, and props the Clouds!

Rom. 'Tis so, my Lord, his Head's in Heaven, and he supports the Clouds; the poor Wanderers of little Substance he sustains, over fifty two Doors of his House is written in large Characters of Gold, *Enter in, and be Welcome.*

Nim. In Estate I am not inferior to *Sublimo*, why should I in Fame? that which is in my Heart, shall be in my Hand; my Seat shall be the Fountain of Generosity and shall flow like the Streams of Paradise, that descend to revive this lower thirsty World; I'll fill it with all things most delightful, and write over a hundred Doors of my House, *Enter in, and be heartily Welcome.*

Rom. It shall be done, my Lord.

[*Exeunt separately.*

SCENE

The BEAUTIES of the POETS. 3

SCENE changes to *Sublimo's House.*

Enter Sublimo, follow'd by Servants carrying Cloths, Bottles and Baskets.

Sub. Go into the broad High-Roads, where naked, weary, foot-sore Travellers pass, cover their Heads, shoe their Feet, clothe their Sides, their drooping Spirits raise with Wine ; satisfy the Hunger of my Soul, by feeding them 'till they weep in Extasy.

Serv. We'll obey your Lordship's Commands.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Enter Calsine.

Calsine! a good Day to you !

Cal. I thank you my Lord, but I have ill news for you ; your Sister the Lady *Flame* is seized with a violent Disorder in the Brain, a Wildness in her Eyes, a Fever in her Spirits ; Sir *Exercise Livelow* her Physician, declares the Cause to be Love.

Sub. It is my Opinion, she keeps her Room too much ; for want of Air, our Spirits mount in a Flame, and so disorder the whole Frame of Nature. Pray bring her down, *Calsine*.

Cal. I will, my Lord,

[*Exit Calsine.*]

[*Sublimo reads.*]

Enter Limpo.

Lim. Why so pensive, *Sublimo*? — What have you there?

Sub. A Poetical Description of my Mistress in a Dream.

Lim. Pray let me hear it?

Sub. This Morning I saw *Cristele*, in the Sky, uprose in Elemental Glory, and thro' the vast Vicissitude she gazed and smiled upon me.

4 *The BLAZING COMET: or,*

Fir'd with Love, she headlong urg'd her Flight,
And shot like Lightning from *Olympus*' height ;
As the dreadful Comet from *Saturnus* sent
To fright the Nations with a dire Portent,
With sweeping Glory glides along in Air,
And shakes the Sparkles from its blazing Hair,
From Heaven to Earth in open sight,
Shot my bright Goddess in a Trail of Light.
With Eyes erect the gazing Worlds admire,
To see her wrap me in a Shrine of Fire.

Lim. The Gods, the Gods, this Signal sent,
And Fate now labours with some vast Event.

Sub. Who knows but *Cristele* may drop a little
in her high Designs, leave the Convent, and fly to
me ?

Lim. I think that Woman that will fly from
a Nunnery to a Man, is not worthy of either ;
but no more of that, here comes honest *Jack Plenty*.

Enter Plenty.

Plen. I have run 'till I am out of breath, lest I
should enter your House among the great Crowd
of the Vulgar. See yonder, what a Tribe comes
down the Hill !

Sub. 'Tis a Delightful Sight !

Plen. It would be more Delightful, were they
all Gentlemen.

Sub. I wish they were.

Lim. Ay ! but all the Quality in *Genoa* say,
they'll go see *Sublimo*, when he has taken down his
Signs, and left off his publick House.

Plen. Pray, my Lord, consider, and alter this
way of Living.

Sub. I desire you to fast all Day, and to-mor-
row Morning ask this request of me, and I'll grant
it you.

Plen.

The BEAUTIES of the POETS. 5

Plen. Why do you move this Petition?

Sub. Because he that is in Want himself, will pity the Distress of others.

Lim. Are you sure?

Sub. Yes, certainly Fullness is always empty of Compassion. When the Sun shines clear, like the pitying Eye of Heaven, loaded with Love, he darts his living Rays to feed this lower thirsty World; but when he drinks great Draughts, and banquets high in the briny Sea, his cloudy Face withdraws the Beams, he discern'd no more, ceases to be kind; the Valleys complain, call him unjust, because he is enrich'd by Heaven, that he may be generous.

Lim. *Sublimo,* I will fast to-day, and try if your Simily's good, and so receive the Reward of your Promise.

Sub. And I'll certainly perform it.

Plen. *Limpo,* look who comes here?

Plen. That is the wand'ring Jew. See, observe my Lord,

Lowly his Eyes unto the Ground are bent,

Sub. And knocks his Breast like Sinners that repent.

Lim. The other's a poor English Taylor, touch'd in the Heart with a violent Passion of Love for Elizabeth his Queen.

Sub. Come away, we'll receive them in the Parlour.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Jew and Taylor.

Jew. Oh! what Pangs! what Misery in the Mind! I that wou'd give no Rest, no Rest can find; Why was I, oh why was I born a Man?

And my proportion'd Life so large a Span?

Keep me not suspended with uncommon Lot,

And if I'm born to die, why die I not? [Exit.]

Tay. O! my dearest, dearest Queen divine,

O let me once more see those Eyes of thine;

Thy Love I ask not, only suffer mine.

{ What

6 *The BLAZING COMET: or,*

What God, my Love industrious to prevent,
Curst thee with Power, and ruin'd my Content.

[Exit.]

Enter Lady Flame mad, follow'd by Calsine.

L. *Flame.* 'Tis vehement hot! Come down ye
Rivers of Paradise, I'll fly, with your fantastick Air
come fan my Vitals. [Musick.] [Runs about.
Now come on ye brazen Winds, blow Impudence.

Cal. My good Lady pray be easy, what makes
you run so?

L. *Flame.* I follow'd Rest, Rest flew, and soon
forsook me—

I run from Grief, Grief run, and overtook me.
What shall I do, lest I am too much tost
In worldly Cares? Bless me, let me be crost.
They say Affliction is Treasure in Heaven, but yet
I don't like it; come look at him now.

Cal. I will, Madam.

L. *Flame.* When my Lord arose with Thoughts
profound,

His modest Eyes he fix'd upon the Ground;
As one unskill'd or dumb he seem'd to stand,
Nor rais'd his Head, nor stretch'd his mighty Hand:
But when he speaks, what Elocution flows!
Soft as the Fleeces of descending Snows.
The copious Accents fall with easy Art,
Melting they fall, and sink into the Heart.
How d'ye like him?

Cal. Extraordinary well.

Enter Symphony.

L. *Flame.* Ye bright Æthereal Creature, come,
come now, chaunt me a Metamorphosis to my Soul.
[Symphony sings.]

L. *Flame.* Hie ho! for Heaven, my Thoughts
run all upon Man; I am sadly in love; I believe
he's with somebody now, O! I could—

Cal.

The BEAUTIES of the POETS.

Cal. What, my Lady?

L. Flame. Beat him. Han't you a mind for him,
Calsine? He's with somebody now.

Cal. No, my Lady, indeed I ha'nt.

L. Flame. Did you hear the Peal of Thunder this Morning?

Cal. Yes, Madam.

L. Flame. Who do you think is married?

Cal. I don't know.

L. Flame. Why the Sun and the Globe. Oh how he clipp'd her with his Beams ; she sent up a kind Dew to cool his Flame, and he gratefully sent it down again to make her fruitful. Well, who would live a single Life ? 'Tis time for us to do good and marry. Nothing has set out from me to Heaven yet : tho', *Calsine*, I will accept of the very next kind Offer. See, who comes there ! Oh ! 'tis a Clergyman, and a very pretty Creature ; but alack-a-day, Beauty in a poor Man is like Mettle in a blind Horse, it plunges him into many bad Sloughs.

Cal. Alas ! my Lady, it is a poor Wretch that has more Beard than Brain.

Enter Cristele in Priest's Habit.

L. Flame. This Man was a heavenly Citizen, a Seller of Meekness ; but now Pride has arrested him, and poor Humility is broke and run away : For Discord, Pride's Bum-bailiff, has got the Gown by the Back. ha, ha, ha ! A lack-a-day what brings thee here ?

Crist. Love, Madam.

[*Lady Flame feels Cristele's Pulse.*

L. Flame. How divers Passions breed of one Desire, Some cold as Ice, some hot as Fire.

[*Dances round Cristele.*

Man, what art thou ?

Musick plays.

Crist.

Cal.

Criſt. A poor Skeleton, to which Nature and Fortune has left a dry wither'd Skin, for Modesty sake, to cover its Nakedness; with a few Sinews and Arteries, to tack this Machine of Bones together: Not Time, but Watching, Fasting, Prayer and Sorrow, have almost dissolv'd this congeal'd Melody of Elements.

L. Flame. Why he's a three-legg'd Animal; take away his Stick, and let him walk upon all four. He's like a Hobgoblin or Ghost in disguise; I cannot say incarnate, for he has lost all his Flesh, and nothing left, but a few antiquated Relicks of Mortality: and thus he hangs together like Geometry.

Criſt. Yet such as I am at these Years, I sometimes feel my Soul fluttering her Wings, and briskly shaking off the heavy Clogs of Earth; she stands upon my Heart, she struts and plumes herself, she soars aloft most happy, on high, but momentary Foresight of eternal Blis; being hood-wink'd from the radiant Light of Heaven, is lured down by her accustom'd Ease and Pleasure in the Flesh: she comes to hand at call, and tamely perches upon the meanest sensual Appetite.

L. Flame. Then you think of a Woman? How do you like me?

Criſt. Extremely well.

L. Flame. See, see, see, an old Man is courting a Lass; ha! she likes him not. [Pointing. Now she mounts and whips her flying Steed, That sprang from the Wind, and's like the Wind for Speed.

He spurs his silly Ass, that soon will find, The further he pursues, the further he's behind: In vain he doth his poor Ass beat and curse, His Trot is very bad, his Gallop worse.

Follow

The BEAUTIES of the POETS. 9

Follow the Dictates of Nature, and marry me ; but
think it no Scorn to be a Cuckold :

Wise *Cato* was a Cuckold, he wore a Horn ;
And *Pompey*, that Lion, was made an Unicorn.

[*Exeunt Lady Flame and Calsine.*

Criſt. O ! Heaven protect me from the Infection
of this Place, and bring me safe home to my divine
Abode.

Enter Sublimo.

Sub. Friend, of what Country art thou ?

Criſt. Rome, my Lord.

Sub. What Order do you profess ?

Criſt. Confessor to the Convent of the *Benedictins.*

Sub. Then sure thou know'st *Criſtele* ?

Criſt. Yes, my Lord, I know her well ; for all
the Secrets of her Soul are lock'd up fast in my
Breast.

Sub. O come, let us haste away to Solitude, and
I will pour out the Current of my Passion before
thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Symphony and Limo.

Lim. Dear *Symphony*, accept of this Purſe, and
fly to *Lady Flame* with this Letter.

Sym. Yes, my Lord.

[*Exit Limpo.*

Enter Wildfire.

Wild. When firſt I gaz'd, how ſtrange was the
Surprize,

My Soul it kindled, and sparkled thro' my Eyes,
The ſudden Stroke whipt on my Pulse,
And drove me up to an Extasy high ;
But when ſhe clasp'd another in her Arms,
Oh then what Torment in the Mind ! Trembling
I ſigh, I burn, I ſtrole in Ways that have no Way.

C

In

10 *The BLAZING COMET: or,*

In jealous Fury I threw me on the Ground,
Three Days and Nights I lay as in a Sound ;
My Eyes like Bottles full, turn'd upside down :
Vehemently they vent, and stopt by violent Force,
then gulp, and gush a Flood.
So when its Way the impetuous Passion found,
I rent my Garment, and my Bosom wound.
I rave, then weep ; I curse, and then complain ;
Then swell to Rage, now wake to Tears again.
Then flaming, to the Woods I fly, and mount in
Furies higher, [Aloud.
The Trees cry out, stand off, you'll set us all on fire.

Symphony sings.

*No, no, beware thou heedless Lover,
If she thy Flame discover,
Then all thy Peace is slain,
You'll die condemn'd by her Disdain.*



A C T

The BEAUTIES of the POETS. 11



A C T II.

S C E N E Nimposto's House.

Enter Nimposto and Romondo.

Poor People cross the Stage.

Poor. ONG live the great *Nimposto*,
Heaven defend the Nobleman.

Rom. Now, my Lord, I hope
you feel the Return of Generosity :
Generosity is a Key of Heaven, a
Key that unlocks the Musick of the Spheres, and
fills the Soul with Harmony divine.

Nim. True, *Romondo*.

Rom. You find it so, my Lord.

Nim. I do ; this Morning I was visited by the
bright Celestials above ;
Eight Gods and Goddesses came blazing down with
Jove.

Around his Head, Celestial Lightning plays,
He saluted me with all his radiant Rays :
The Sire of Gods his awful Silence broke,
Heaven attentive trembled as he spoke.
Ye Cloud-compelling Gods I do approve,
You smile superior on my best-belov'd.
He spake, they awful bend their fable Brows,
Shake their ambrosial Locks, and make their Vows.

12 *The BLAZING COMET: or,*

Swift to the Air and Sea, the Gods inferior fly,
Jove to his starry Mansion in the Sky.
The shining Synod of the Immortals wait
The coming God, and from their Thrones of State
Arising, silent wrapt in holy Fire,
Before the Majesty of Heaven appear ;
Trembling they stand, while *Jove* assumes the
Throne,

All but the God's imperious Queen alone.

Rom. How fine, how great, how vast, must be
the Compass of that Soul, that can please and give
Entertainment to the Gods ! You are highly ho-
nour'd.

Nim. More their Goodness than my Desert.

Rom. I wouldn't have your Lordship too much
depend on Dreams : Spirits sometimes are permitted
to lye in Visions, to deceive proud Men, with de-
sign to hurl them down to Perdition.

Nim. Romondo, I have something to say to you ;
the Company will interrupt us ; follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Jew and Taylor.

Jew. Man, I have an ill Companion of thee ;
You roar, and beat your Breast, and tear your Hair,
And rave with all the Madness of Despair.

Taylor. I hear the Queen is in love with an
English Earl.

The Rage of Jealousy has fir'd my Soul,
And my Face kindles like a burning Coal ;
Rage and Fury fly thro' every Part,
I wish my Sheers and Bodkin were in his Heart.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Nimpasto, follow'd by an old Woman.

Woman. Heaven blefs my good Lord, and blefs
him all the four Seasons of the Year ; but above
all,

all, give him a good Winter's Blessing, a pure warm House, a roasted Apple, and a good Bed-fellow, Do, give the poor old Woman a small Matter.

Nimp. Thou art unreasonale, I have relieved thee three times this Day; be gone from my House, I never will feed thee more.

Woman. Ah! this is far short of the Generosity of *Sublimo*; he gave me at thirteen Doors of this House, and never said, *Why dost thou come so oft?* So fare you well, I'll never come here any more, besure.

[Exit.]

Nim. Exceeded thus much by *Sublimo*! Confused and amazed I stand, nor is it possible to exceed him: No, I have labour'd to increase my Shame, and to cease from Generosity would increase it more; and to be outdone, I cannot, nor I will not bear it.

[Lays his Hand on his Sword.]

Cease ye Thoughts, my Sword I'll draw;
I cannot reign by Gifts, but will by Lion's Law.
By my Life this shall not up, 'till it feels the red
Heart of *Sublimo*. }
}

Enter Romondo.

Rom. From whence this violent Storm! this Hurrican of Revenge! this Fever in the Heart! this Fire in the Soul! this mighty Madness! this Fury all over?

Nim. Heaven deliver me from this Passion.

Rom. What! pray in the Time of Anger, dart your Soul like a blazing Comet to Heaven, with Spirits all infernal Flames! No, let your Soul in your Heart, like the Lark in the Bed of Grafs, hide itself in the Storm, till the Brightness of the Sun, a serene Air, a calm Sky, a silent Element, lures her upon the Wing; soaring upward in prosperous Flight, she rises and sings, as if she had learnt Musick and Motion of an Angel: Angels, that

14 *The BLAZING COMET : or,*

that mount with refined Souls, climbing above the Clouds, convoying them wrapt on high to Heaven.

Nim. You ramble wild, far from my Purpose, *Romondo* ; I desire to be alone.

Rom. My Lord, I am your Friend.

Nim. Leave me, and continue so.

Rom. Did you not threaten the Life of *Sublimo* ?

Nim. I did.

Rom. Threat you may, but to execute, is to raise his House up in Arms against you ; and it is as dangerous, as to kiss the Mouth of a Cannon, when it begins to belch out Fire.

Nim. You are prejudic'd !

Rom. I own, I do adore Part of Heaven that shines superior in *Sublimo*.

Nim. Pray what is that ?

Rom. Greatnes, Lowlines, Loveliness and Generosity ; and he that rises against such a Man, takes Arms against the Gods.

Nor were the Gods themselves more safe above,
Against beleaguer'd Heaven the Giants strove ;
Hills pile'd on Hills, Mountains on Mountains rise,
To make their mad Appoaches to the Skies ;
The Monsters strive with all their Might and Breath,
By this to drag the Thunderer down to Earth :
Jove look'd gloomy from his Celestial Height,
On this great World, that shiver'd in his sight ;
Infernal Insolence stir'd up his Ire,

. And from his Eye-balls flash'd the living Fire ;
High Heaven with trembling the dread Signal took,
And all the Globe unto the Center shook :
Red Vengeance darts thro' all the Firmament,
And all their wicked Works to pieces rent.
Amaz'd in Terror, the trembling Host retire,
To see the Gods in fury, and the Heavens on fire.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E

The BEAUTIES of the POETS. 15

S C E N E Sublimo's House.

Enter Cristele and Sublimo.

Sub. At certain Seasons, methinks, the eastern Winds waft to my ravish'd Ears the Whispers of *Cristele*; such is the Magick of strong Desire and Sympathy; it steals the Soul away from it self, and with sweet Violence unites it to the beloved Object, tho' at never so great a distance.

Cris. Your Lordship's Passion for *Cristele* is very great: Pray what was the Reason of your parting?

Sub. Jealousy!

Cris. Had she cause?

Sub. She had, and she had not, I was to blame: my Tongue woo'd many, my Heart only her; one day she found me courting a Lady, and *Alexander*-like, I strove to conquer what I never meant to enjoy. But then, O then *Cristele*!

Like some mad Mother through the Street she run,
Who to the Grave attends her only Son;
Expos'd to all the World her self I see,
Forgetting Honour, Fame, and all but me;
Then swift as Winds I pursu'd her home,
I found her in Distress with Garments torn;
I threw my self upon the Ground, and cry'd,
O Heaven's last best Gift forgive me!

Cris. And did she?

Sub. She answer'd not; but silently a gentle Tear let fall from either Eye, and wiped them with her Hair. Two other precious Drops, each in their crystal Sluices hung: I, e'er they fell, kiss'd them away, and four Sweetness fill'd my Heart. She bid me leave the Room, and sighing, I obey'd; but soon, to my grief, I heard she was to a Nunnery fled; but how she was, when she came there, you best can inform me.

Cris. Sighing she enter'd, sat her down a while,
and

16 *The BLAZING COMET: or,*

and Tears began to flow ; then rose and raved, and cried —

But oh ! the most Forlorn of Human Kind,
Nor Help can hope, nor Remedy can find ;
But doom'd to drag my loathsome Life in Care,
For my Reward must end it in Despair.

Fire, Water, Air and Earth, and Force of Fates
That governs all, and Heaven that all creates,
Nor Art, nor Nature's Hand can ease my Grief ;
Nothing but Death, the Wretch's last Relief :
Then farewell Youth, and all the Joys that dwell
With Youth and Life, and Life itself farewell.

Sub. I think her Grief exceeding great ; but yet
not equal to mine : whole Days and Nights I fasted,
wandering silent in the Woods.

Then big with Grief I threw me on the Ground,
And view'd the melancholly Grotto round :
Dry Sorrow in my stupid Eyes appears,
For wanting Nourishment, I wanted Tears ;
My Eye-balls in their hollow Sockets sink,
Bereft of Sleep, I loath'd my Meat and Drink ;
I wither'd at the Heart, and look'd as wan,
As the pale Spectre of a murther'd Man.

Cris. In one thing you acted beneath your Character.

Sub. Pray what was that ?

Cris. You say you courted many.

Sub. True ! it was before I was oppress'd ; Affliction cured me.

Cris. Calamity is the Grandfather of Self-denial ; and often receives a Visit from Truth ; Truth like the Sun, dissipates all the Mists of pamper'd Nature ; immediately the Mind kindles in a Flame of Light ; a Man becomes all radiant within, shining with unclouded Splendors.—The grand Illumination amazes Vice, and makes him creep to Crannies to hide himself ; being ashame'd to look Reason in the

The BEAUTIES of the POETS. 17

the Face. When Reason rides triumphant, a Man is like an Angel, living above the Race of his Mortality.

Enter Plenty.

Plen. Here Butler, bring me a Tankard and a Toast, to swim in laughing Liquor, that o'er-looks the Brim.

Sub. Plenty, I expected with you Lord *Limpō* and *Wildfire*.

Plen. What ! to dinner ? *Limpō* fasts to-day by Contract ; and Lord *Wildfire* and he are Rivals. They now no more walk Hand in Hand, But when they meet, they make a furly Stand ; And leer like angry Lions as they pass, And wish each Look might be the last.

Enter Poverty.

Pov. Pray, Sir, Remember the Necessity of a poor old Man.

Plen. Faugh ! filthy Fellow, get out of the reach of my Nostrils. My Lord, I admire you don't keep some Man to destroy this Vermin about your House.

Sub. Vermin ! my Lord ; I could almost make it appear by Philosophy, that these Men are greater, and more refin'd than you or I.

Plen. Pray make it out, my Lord.

Sub. You allow they are a Compound of Elements, and that we feed them.

Plen. I do.

Sub. Look throughout the Field of Nature ; there you'll find that Heaven has ordain'd of Elements, the Grosser to feed the Purer ; Earth the Sea, Earth and Sea feeds Air : Air those Fires æthereal, and as lowest first the Moon ; and the Sun, that Light imparts to all, receives from all his Elemental Recompence.

D

Pov.

Pov. Pray, Sir, remember the Poor.

Enter Wildfire.

Wild. Man, what is thy Name?

Pov. Poverty, Sir.

Wild. What does he refuse to feed thee?

Pov. Yes, Sir.

Wild. Fellow, do you know what you are about, or what your busines is in this World? The Divine Philosophers tell you, that to-day, to-morrow, or some-time, you shall ask a Request of that same Man; but he's a great Fool if he relieves you: listen to me, tho' pamper'd Flesh and Blood is devilish thick of hearing, and thin of understanding, with a deaf Intellect, and a blind Soul; they grope in the dark. Now I am a supernatural Gladiator; and with the glittering Sword of Equity, make strange wild Circles in the Air, that I may give him a deep Wound confounded. As for example, *Poverty* humbly intreats, he lays his Heart under the Foot of *Plenty*; he bows, he sighs, and bows to pick it up. The Belly of *Plenty* is full; he feels no Pangs of the Maw-Worm, and so he spurns him off. *Poverty* sighs, weeps, and turns away; but says, shall see him to-morrow in the warm Climes, and then I'll be even with him; when he says, *Poverty*, do give me a little — How this watery Humour runs in my Head, and fills me with Generosity! How these Thoughts feed this Man! but this Fellow lives on Beef.

[*Strikes Plenty.*

Plen. Then rouse to Arms, my Fury.

Sub. Pray, my Lord, don't draw, don't fight with him, it is dangerous.

Plen. Wou'd you have me fear him, I that threw my Bosom open to the brazen Cannon-mouths, those deep-throated Engines Belch; whose Roar im-

bowell'd

The BEAUTIES of the POETS. 19

bowell'd with contagious noise the Air, and all her Entrails tore, disgorging foul their devilish glut-chain'd Thunder-bolts, and Hail of Iron Globes ; and shall I fear this—

Wild. Fellow, draw, [collars Plenty.

Sub. Pray, my Lord, be civil.

Wild. I'll exert my self in a nobler Conflict ; arm my self with Resolution, Lowlines, Love, Fervency, Fire ; I'll leap up, and conquer the mighty Prince of the Air, mount higher ; undaunted, face Thunderbolts, when to the sweet Harmony of a good Conscience, I'll rise wrapt, dance alive throughout the radiant Orbs, and cut a superlative Caper in the high Realms above. [Exit Wildfire.

Plen. I admire you'll converse with this high-soaring mad Fellow !

Sub. Rise thou as high as he, nay higher, 'Till thou join the Element of Fire ; Nay, higher still, 'till ye calmly hear The Musick of a well-tun'd Sphere ; Then look down on the lumpish Mass, and thou shalt know, The Madness of the World, for grov'ling so below, [Exeunt.

Enter Lady Flame, and Calsine running.

Cal. Pray, my good Lady, lie down and compose your self.

L. Fla. Why did you not hear the Raven croak, and the ominous screeching Owl ?—Why these are Death's two Trumpeters, and sounding me a March to the gloomy World : now must I go to the Elysian Fields, to live among Shadows ; 'tis a long way, and how I shall get there, bless me, who knows ? Bear and forbear, give and forgive, are the Four Chariot-Wheels that carry love to Heaven ;

20 *The BLAZING COMET: or,*

Peace, Lowness, Fervency and Taste, are the radiant Horses that mount it; æthereal blazing throughout the vast blue Firmament above—now I have been all my Life-time making this Chariot, and have got but one Wheel to it, that is *Forgive*, and the Horses have most of 'em got the Spring-halt, and I believe we shall all go a-foot to the *Elysian Fields*; and you know Foot-Travellers are not look'd upon.

[*To Cristele.*

Crist. True, my Lady.

L. Flame. Then let us live as long as we can: Come stir about.

[*She shakes him.*

Sir *Exercise Livelow* is the best Physician in the World, and he says you must stir about. The Rivers are the Veins of the World: Old *Atlas* rocks it to and fro, to move the Tide for Circulation; the Sun, the Globe and the Moon dance the Hay every Day for Exercise. For that reason Matrimony is good, is it not?

Crist. I think so, my Lady.

L. Flame. I have a great mind to try: I know my Brother would have me marry for Riches, that I may have four Footmen ride behind my Coach; their Names are *Pride, Lust, Tyranny, and Oppression*. For Sin always waits upon Wealth, ready dreft and fit for Action.

Crist. Very true.

L. Flame. Then I must have two Men out of Li-very, *Folly* and *Wantonness*, why they must wait at Table; then *Sickness* and *Death* take away.

Enter Wildfire.

S O N G.

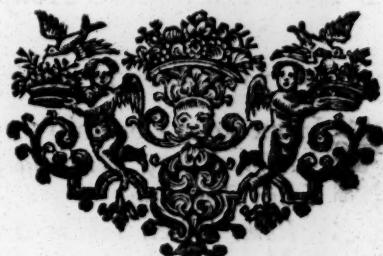
*How Heaven rouses Nature,
Forcing the Charms of Love!*

'Tis Love and Inclination people the Realms above.

L.

The BEAUTIES of the POETS. 21

L. Flame. Oh how resigning,
Nature's inclining,
Heaving, sighing, panting, pining,
I do resign to you that are mine ;
For oh let us fulfil the Will divine.



A C T



ACT III.

SCENE, Nimpsto's *House*.*Nimpsto and Romondo meeting.**Rom.* Hope your Lordship's well ?*Nim.* I am, *Romando*, and free
from Revenge.*Rom.* Then *Sublimo* lives ?*Nim.* Long may he live !With ease I reconcil'd the differing Parts,
For Envy never dwells in noble Hearts.*Rom.* True my Lord — but —*Nim.* What ?*Rom.* Are you sure that Fire's out ?*Nim.* I am sure,*Rom.* For while the former Flames remain within,
Repentance is but Want of Power to sin.*Nim.* 'Tis so, but I am free ; Envy is a very
uneasy Companion.*Rom.* And more unprofitable Revenge, tho' sweet,
bitter e'er long, back on itself recoils.*Nim.* So the Divines tell us : but —*Rom.* You think they can't prove it.Were all plain, then all Sides must agree,
And Faith itself be lost in Certainty.*Nim.* Nature is desirous of Rest ; I'll sleep a
little.*Rom.*

The BEAUTIES of the POETS. 23

Rom. I wish you a good Repose, my Lord.

Nim. Now, my Soul within me sighs, sobs, and is sad. Ye Light, ye Heat, ye glorious Sun, ye Three, ye One, ye God ador'd: I grieve to think Ambition has conquer'd me, and makes me subject to many Evils; nor do ye bright Powers assist me. I'll change ye now for the Gods of *Sublimo*; he is a Christian, and may the same Powers that feed him feed me, and make me equal to him in Greatness.

[*Lays down on a Couch to sleep.*
[Orsmadius the evil Genius rises up, and whispers in his Ears.]

Enter Radian, a good Genius.

Radian. *Nimpoſto*, when I heard thee call, down a Beam of the Sun I slid, swift flying to thy aid I come. Ha! What evil Genius do I smell in the musky Air, breathing Pestilence, War and Death in the Soul of him that sleeps? First reaching the Organ of the Fancy, inspires Venom, and taints the animal Spirits, that from pure Blood arise; like gentle Breezes from the Rivers pure. Thence proceeds distemper'd, discontented, evil Thoughts, ill Dreams, vain Aims, vain Hopes, inordinate Desires, blown up with high Conceits, ingendring Pride—Infernal, rise!

[*Touches him with his Wand, Orsmadion rises.*
Which of those rebel Spirits adjudg'd to Hell comest thou, escaped thy Prison and transform'd? Why hast thou like an Enemy in wait here set, watching at the Head of him that sleeps.

Ors. Know ye not—Know ye not me? you knew me once no Mate for you, there sitting where you durst not soar; not to know me, argues yourself unknown: or if you know, why ask you, and superfluous begin your Message, like as much to end in vain?

Rad.

24 *The BLAZING COMET: or,*

Rad. Think not, revolted Spirit, thy Shape the same, or undiminish'd Brightness to be known, as when thou stoodst in Heaven upright and pure. That Glory then, when thou no more wast good, departed from thee, and thou resemblest now thy Sin and Place of Doom; obscure and foul but come, for thou before shalt give account to him that sent me, whose charge is to keep this place inviolable, and this from harm.

Orf. Proud limitary Cherub, here I'll stay, tho' in thy Looks Defiance lours, I'll stand thee Front to Front; if in thy Hand thou grasp'd ten thousand Thunders, thy Eyes bear Lightning, and flash pernicious Fire.

Rad. Aspire no farther, thou knowest my Strength and I know thine; thou great Supreme in Misery, it is the nature of all thy kind to be envious to those most near to the Kings on Earth or Heaven.

Orf. Thou knowest I stood thy Wrath in its highest Rage; and name the place, I'll meet thee, now I dare thee to the Combat.

Rad. I'll meet thee on *Sublimo's* Heart, and with his Inclinations arm thy self and thy black Army, I dare thee to the Conflict.

Orf. *Nimposto's* Heart shall be the place; there, with his Divinity arm thy self, for thou before shalt meet infernal Thunder, and for Lightning, see black Fire bellowing up from the boundless Deep.

Rad. I'll meet thee on the Plain, *Nimposto's* Heart, I'll meet thee; and he that wins the Field shall take it.

[*Exeunt.*]

Nimposto rises.

Nim. Heaven! was Vision e'er before like this?

[*Exit.*]

Enter

The BEAUTIES of the POETS. 25

Enter Lady Flame, Calsine, Symphony and Limpo.

L. Flame. Man be gone, and follow me no more
with your Leg and a half; if you ate so in Love, live
low.

Take Idleness away, and out of doubt
Cupid's Bow will break, and all his Lamps go out.
If I should marry thee, what would the World
say?

They wedded were, for better and for worse,
So he her Person lik'd, so she his Purse.
This may indeed be call'd the Age of Gold,
For Honour, Love, and all for it is sold.
But will you have me?

Lim. If you please, Madam,

L. Flame. Thou art a fool, and for a Woman's
Sense to protect the Men, is like a flock of Geese
to guard the Court.

Lim. Pray my Lady, don't talk so.

L. Flame. If I was to marry thee, I'd talk thee
to death, my Tongue should be like the Flying
Post, my words fly, whip and spur thro' both thy
Ears, and I'd blow a Horn in thy Head.

[*A Bell rings.*

Enter Plenty.

Lim. Now Dinner is ready, and this is my fast-
ing day, Hunger is like a Wolf raving in the Maw,
and howls plaguily to be fed.

Enter Cristele, Jew and Taylor.

Not one Soul of ye shall stir by me, we will
all fast alike.

Plen. There you are hard upon us, my Lord.

Lim. Here, mount Gluttony on a Swine,
With bloated Veins and swoln were his Eyn;
His Stomach a Kitchen, his Belly a Larder,
His Soul is a Cook, and proceed no farther.

E

Plen.

26 *The BLAZING COMET: or,*

Plen. Move me no farther, my Lord.

Lim. Move thee! thou piece of confined Life,
That sucks the Virtue of the Earth like a Tree,
That talks when the Wind blows through it, so
does he.

Now this is a circumcised Youth by Law, [to
the Jew] but question'd whether his Law from Hea-
ven came, so committed Murder to support it.

[Turns to the Taylor.]

Why now this is a likely Dog to court a Queen,
That has been inflamed for many Years,
But now to cool him, lives on Cucumbers and Tears.

[Turns to Criftele.]

Crif. I hope your Lordship will be favourable to
the Gown.

Lim. Pride forsakes the Abbey a little space,
And leaves Hypocrify to keep his place.
Poor Pride! strouls through Night to everlasting
Day,

Attended close by Discord all the way.

L. Flame. Well, who wou'd ever marry, if such
crooked-minded Wretches proceed from soft Em-
braces?

Limpo like *Therfites* all to evil bent,
And never did a Good with good intent ;
Aw'd by no Shame, by no Respect controul'd,
In Scandal busy, in Reproaches bold,
With witty Malice studious to defame,
Scorn all his joy, and Laughter all his aim ;
But chief he glory'd in licentious Stile,
To lash the Great, and Monarchs to revile ;
Spleen to mankind his envious Heart possest,
And much he hated all, but most the best.

Lim. Dear Lady, I hope I have not offended
you. [Lays his Hand on Lady Flame.]

Enter

The BEAUTIES of the POETS. 27

Enter Wildfire.

Wild. So when a Tyger sucks the Bullock's Blood,
A famish'd Lion issuing from the Wood,
Roars lordly fierce, and challenges the Food.

[Lays his Hand on Lady Flame.]

Lim. When both their Claws are fastned on the
Prey,

Each claims possession, neither will obey.

Wild. Let not the Fire of Wit strike upon the
Gunpowder Temper of a Welshman, lest he flash out
in fury, and blow you to the Skies.

L. Flame. I shall be neither won nor lost to-day,
Proud Limpo faints.

No Force, no Firmness, the pale Coward shows,
He shifts his place, his Colour comes and goes ;
A dropping Sweat creeps cold on every part,
Against his Bosom beats his quivering Heart ;
Terror and Death in his wild Eye-balls stare,
With chattering Teeth he stands, and stiffning
 Hair,

And looks a bloodless Image of Despair.

Lim. Madam, you do me wrong.

L. Flame. Then fight, and right thy self,

Lim. If you have any thing to say to me, speak
on, beware.

Wild. I say thou art like the grim Thersites ;
His mountain Shoulders half his Breast o'erspreads,
Thin Hairs bestrew'd his long mishapen Head ;
His Figure such, that might his Soul proclaim,
One Eye was blinking, and one Leg was lame.

Lim. Stand off, let me grasp my Sword, with
huge two-handed sway.

Brandish'd aloft the horrid Edge comes down.

L. Flame. Pompey and Cæsar to their Armour
 were girt,

But my Lord of Fire shall fight in his Shirt.

[Pulls off Wildfire's Clothes.]

[A Servant holds Limpo.]

[Exit Lady Flame.]

28 *The BLAZING COMET: or,*

Wild. Loose him!

Tho' he looks a Lion with a gloomy Lear,
And over his Eye-balls hang the matted Hair,
Furious as the *Bedlam* raging of the Sea in order to
the Shore.

The Wave behind rolls on the Wave before.

Enter Sublimo.

'Till with the growing Storm the Deeps arise,
Foam o'er the Rocks, and thunder to the Skies.

[*Wildfire drives 'em off the Stage.*
This all-devouring Love ranges upon my Heart,
with Appetite keen, as Avarice in Old Age, or
like a Wolf upon the wild Plains of the North.

[*Exit.*

Enter Sublimo, Plenty, Cristele, Jew and Taylor.

Sub. My Lord, let your Anger cease, listen to
me, pray listen to me, I'll show you a Moral may
turn to your advantage.

Lim. Pray my Lord, let us hear it.

Sub. When the Eternal stretch'd out Limbs in
Chaos, feeling the cold and gloomy Abyss, at a
word Darkness fled, Light shone, Order from Dis-
order sprung; swift then each to their several quar-
ters hastened, then the cumbrous Elements, Earth,
Flood, Air, Fire, this World's material Mould,
came to a Heap; huge Mountains plunging thro'
the Waters haste to a Globe, the Deeps leap up,
jostling the flying Hills, and hurry to a Main; Con-
fusion heard the Voice, and wild Uproar rul'd,
stood vast Infinitude confin'd; Air and Fire, and
this eternal Quintessence of Heaven flew upward,
spirited with various Forms, that roll'd Orbicu-
lar, and turn'd to Stars. Thus every thing in all
Worlds attracts its likeness to itself; and if so, to
what Climes of discord will your Souls of anger
fly? As for me, I will refine my self.

Plen:

The BEAUTIES of the POETS. 29

Plen. Clear, clear the Way for Dinner here.

[*Servants cross the Stage with cover'd Dishes, follow'd by several sorts of People.*] [Exeunt.]

Enter Lady Flame, Calsine, and Symphony.

L. Flame. Alas! alas! He is in Battle slain.

My Lord is dying!

About his Neck my Arms I'll cast,
And draw his fainting Breath from every Grasp;
And in my Lap I'll warm his dying Head,
Kiss his cold Lips, and will not think him dead.
But yet he's gone, he's gone,
Now he steers along th' uncomfortable Coast,
A naked, melancholly, wand'ring Ghost.

Cal. My good Lady, pray be easy.

L. Flame. I will, I will, I have a merry Thought
in my Head: for I'll bring him to Life again.

Cal. If you can, do, my Lady.

L. Flame. I will; Wildfire among so many Blows,
With one his Head from off his Shoulders goes;
See how he gropes, to find it in the Sands,
And finding it, he takes it by the Nose,
Shifting his Fingers to his Ears, and with both Hands,
Sets on his Head, as tho' it was firm glew'd,
And fights again as if his Forces were renew'd.

[*Enter Wildfire and fngs.*]

[Exeunt.]



A C T



A C T IV.

S C E N E Nimpisto's *House*.

*Enter Nimpisto, and a Servant with a Great-Coat
and a Beard.*

Nim.  E R E, put on my Coat and my Beard, that I may hear how the Whisper of the World goes.
[Puts on the Coat and the Beard.]

Enter Poverty.

How dismal is the State of Old Age, cold Veins, deaf Ears, dim Eyes, Gums mumbling, Hands fumbling, Knees trembling, Feet failing: and this poor Tenement of Clay is ready to tumble down upon my Soul's Head. I wish I was safe out of it.

Pov. Friend, I pity thee, because I feel the Pangs of Poverty, Years and Cares.

Nim. Tell me, do tell me, where lives the Man that has the most Treasure in the Mind, and is permitted to purchase eternal Fame and Honour in Heaven, by entertaining a poor Saint in Distress.

Pov. *Sublimo* is a Man of the most Pity alive; he relieves so fine, that my poor Heart dissolves and pours out Tears of Love before him; and prays whole Nights to Heaven for him.

Nim.

The BEAUTIES of the POETS. 31

Nim. Have you nothing to say of *Nimposto's* Generosity?

Pov. In Generosity he's next to *Sublimo*.

Nim. But is he not equal to him?

Pov. No, *Sublimo* exceeds *Nimposto* as much as the Sun out-shines the Moon.

Nim. Say you so, Friend! Go on, I'll follow you. [Exit Poverty.

Sublimo shine like the Sun, and I like the Moon ! but when the Sun lies low beneath the Globe, the Moon then mounts superior, and shines amongst the Stars.

[He draws his Sword.

Enter Romondo, listening.

And this Sword shall bring the Head of *Sublimo* down to the Globe.

I'll rip his Heart with ghastly Wound,
And roll his smoaking Entrails on the Ground.
Stretch'd on the Plain, he sobs away his Breath,
And furious grasps the bloody Dust in Death.
I'll do it— tho' I am hurl'd from the Skies a nine
Day's fall, flaming æthereal, and Hell pursue me
in a fiery Storm.

Rom. Thus Satan spoke, and to confirm his Words,
Out flew Millions of flaming Swords,
Drawn from the Thighs of mighty Cherubs ; the
sudden Blaze far round illuminated Hell, highly
they raged against the highest ; and fierce with
grasped Arms clash'd on their sounding Shields the
Din of War, hurling Defiance towards the Vault
of Heaven.

Nim. Bring your Similes from Hell against me,
I'll vindicate my Passion.

Rom. Vindicate you may, but not justify.

Nim. Romondo, what do you accuse me with.

Rom. Ambition, Injury and Blood.

Nim.

32 *The BLAZING COMET: or,*

Nim. And by thy own Mouth I'll prove thee guilty of the same :

Pray give me the Description of your Fight in Spain.

Rom. I will, my Lord :

At once the Croud arose confus'd and high,
Even from Heaven was heard a shouting Cry,
For Mars was early up, and rouz'd the Sky.
But when the Trumpets, terrible from far,
In shriller Clangors animate the War ;
Confederate Drums in fuller Confort beat,
And echoing Hills the loud Alarm repeat.
Batteries on Batteries guard each fatal Pass,
Threat'ning Destruction, Rows of hollow Brass,
Tube behind Tube, the dreadful Entrance keep,
Whilst in their Wombs ten thousand Thunders sleep.
High they shout, the mingling Host engage,
The Battle kindles into tenfold Rage ;
With Show'rs of Bullets, and with Storms of Fire,
Burns in full Fury, Heaps on Heaps expire.
Still pressing forward to the Fight we broke
Thro' Flames of Sulphur, and a Night of Smoke.
The dreadful Burst of Cannon rent the Skies,
And all the Thunder of the Battle rife,
The Gods came down to behold the Wars,
Sharp'ning their Sight and leaning o'er the Stars.

Nim. You say I am guilty of Ambition, Injury and Blood — Did you kill any body in this War ?

Rom. I did, my Lord.

Nim. Pray what was the Cause of the War ?

Rom. [Pauses.] Ambition.

Nim. And did not Injury and Blood ensue ?

Rom. It did.

Nim. Then leave me to my Will.

Rom. I have no more to say.

Nim. Thirsty Revenge of Blood now drink thy Fill. [Exit; Nimpesto.

R.m.

The BEAUTIES of the POETS. 33

Rom. I'll leave thee to the Will of Heaven ;
what is decreed by the Gods cannot be withstood.

As when the Hand of *Jove* a Tempest forms,
And rolls the Clouds to blacken Heaven with Storms,
While yet the expected Tempest hangs on high,
Weighs down the Clouds, and darkens all the Sky ;
The Mass of Waters will no Wind obey,
Jove sends a Gust, and bids 'em roll away.
From their deep Beds he makes the Rivers rise,
And opens all the Flood-gates of the Skies.
The impetuous Torrents from their Hills obey,
Whole Fields are drown'd, and Mountains swept
away ;

Loud roars the Deluge, till it meets the Main,
And trembling Men see all their Labours vain.

[Exit.]

Enter Wildfire, *Lady Flame*, *Symphony* and *Singers*.

S O N G.

L. Flame. *Come to my Window,*
Sing fair Dorinda ;
Just at Midnight then begin,
When my Mother's fast asleep,
Then I will rise to let you in.
Then, ob then we'll talk sublime,
Of Love divine.

Enter Taylor.

Tay. The Day, the Night are both alike to me.
Abroad upon the cold bare Earth I lie, to cool ;
this Frenzy-Fever in my Brain, dissolves, and thro'
my Eyes gushes out in falter Streams. No, no,
these are not Tears that now I shed, I am not I,
my Head is light, light, light, it will fly away.
Now all inflamed I burn, I rage, I rave ; and in
the Midst of Flame consume no Wit.

F

Love

34 *The BLAZING COMET: or,*

Love sitting in my Heart a Tyrant cruel,
And with his devilish Arrow pokes up my furious
Fuel.

True do the Poets say, that *Cupid* cannot see,
Or else he would not sure have shot a Wretch like
me.

Enter Limp.

Lim. Man, thou look'st in good earnest, what
was the first cause of thy Passion?

Tay. When first I gazed upon her charming Face,
I straitway grew a Statue in the Place.

Lim. There must be something more than a Face
to raise this mighty Love.

Tay. When I measured her Waist, her loose
Garments fell,
And did her naked swelling Breasts reveal ;
Whilst with the Sight surpriz'd I gazing stand,
The Measure, I held, dropp'd from my careless
Hand.

Lim. Here, read this ; it will cure you of your
Love. [Gives him a News-Paper.]

Enter Sublimo.

Tay. Heaven bless the Master of this House.

[Exit Taylor.]

Sub. So, my Lord, how does fasting agree with
you ?

Lim. It weakens the Body, and animates the
Mind ; ploughs up the Heart, and roots out Pride ;
makes me all Spirit, and brings me near the sublime
Beings : I am all pathetick, hear Whispers in the
Soul, and see Wonders.

Sub. Pray what Wonders have you seen ?

Lim. This Morning in a Vision I thought I was
rais'd up to the Skies, where I was at the Head of
a bright Celestial Army ; immediately *Nimposio*
rouz'd the infernal Troops, and challeng'd all the
Legions

The BEAUTIES of the POETS. 35

Legions on high ; and threat'ning to hurl you down from the bright Verge of Heaven ; both Armies shining far and wide, with glittering Spears of Fire, and Clouds began to darken all the Sky ; and Smoak to roll with dreadful Shade contagious, and the high Ætherial Thunders from on high loud roar'd : then storming Fury rose, Arms on Armour clashing, bray'd horrid Discord ; dire was the Sound of Conflict : over-head the dreadful His of fiery Darts in flaming Volleys flew, and flying darted either Host with Fire. So under fiery Cope together rush'd both Armies a-main, with ruinous Assault, and inextinguishable Rage : no Thought of Flight, none of Retreat ; each on himself rely'd. Sometimes on firm Ground, a standing Fight ; then towering on main Wing, tormented all the Air. All Air seem'd then conflicting Fire : at length the vanquish'd from their dolorous Groans up rose, away their bloody Weapons threw. Then light, as the Lightning glimpse they run, they flew, and to the fiery Orbs, Sun, Moon and Stars, with all their Load of *Delphick Blaze*, and by the burning Tops high-heaved, they bore them in their Hands. The others to rocky Arms betook, and the solid Globe from her Axles tore : then World encounter'd World, high hurling Conflict in the Element of Fire.

Sub. Great Things, and full of Wonder, by Favour sent down from the Empyrean to forewarn us. But what's *Nimposto* to me, or I to *Nimposto*? I admire him because he's noble, and love him because he exceeds me in Greatnes. [Exit Limp.

Enter Cristele.

Crist. Long live *Sublimo*!

Sub. Good Father, I thank you.

F 2

Crist.

36 *The BLAZING COMET: or,*

Crist. Now my Eyes have seen the greatest Man alive, I'll take my leave, loaded full of thy divine Treasure, Treasure that my Soul shall feast upon for ever. Thou great Illuminator, all the World is full of thy Shine.

Sub. So you say, but yet I am not happy.

Crist. Why so, my Lord.

Sub. Because what I love the most, I cannot enjoy. *Cristele* is in a Convent, moves in living Death, adorn'd with Poverty, Penance and Chastity, with Eyes like Stars fix'd only on the bright Orbs of Heaven. Tell her, oh tell her; but yet I know not what to say, I am sure she makes me suffer. Is it not possible for her to live with me, and not break through the limits of her Vow?

Crist. It cannot be, my Lord.

Sub. Sometimes I am impregnated with secret emulation of her Virtue; I burn with fervent passionate desire to become her Disciple. I languish to withdraw my self from this vain World, and from the contagious Society of Mortals.

Crist. Oh! how happy is the Life that's led in quiet Solitude, where the Soul can feel herself, and being awak'd to a sense of her immortal State, rouzes and vigorously shakes off the heavy Clogs of Sleep and Death: for the sparks of Reason are smothering, opprest with unlimited Desires, 'till the divine Afflatus gently breathing on the Intellect, fans the fainting Fire, that immediately kindles, to destroy all the rubbish of pamper'd Nature.

Sub. Mysterious solitary Mirrour of Virtues, exemplary Guide of such as consecrate themselves to Heaven! Divine Creature, leave me not this day, come go with me, I must talk of *Cristele*, and have a thousand things to say.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

Cr

The BEAUTIES of the POETS. 37

S C E N E changes to a Garden.

Enter *Lady Flame*.

L. Flame. I expect my Lord to come in a minute, for just now every Thought of mine is dancing, and all to the merry sweet Harmony of Hope—
But hold! What do I hope for? Oh! that we may go into a Room together, sitting upon his Knee in sighing, pleasing, stupid Silence, 'till we are both out of breath doing nothing.
Oh 'tis thou art all my Care and my Delight,
My Daily Longing, and my Dreams by Night;
Love taught my Tears in sadder Notes to flow,
And tun'd my Heart to Elegies of Woe.

Enter *Limpo and Poverty*.

Pov. Pray remember the Poor.

Lim. Vagabond, pursue me no farther, I'll give thee nought.

L. Flame. Vile Wretch! What brings thee here?

Lim. Sinners are allow'd to gaze on Heaven.

L. Flame. They are, to increase their Torment; I'll not be taken by Force, I'll fight for myself, I am my own, my Owner lives within me, He that will have me, from myself shall win me.

[Draws her Sword.

Lim. Love teaches me to preserve our Lives, dear Lady excuse me.

L. Flame. I swell with Wrath, and burn like flaming Fire;

Unto the Combat rouz'd, for such is my Desire.

[Lady Flame pushing at Limpo.

Enter *Wildfire*.

Lim. Dearest Lady forbear! [Parries her Sword.

Wild. Beneath his Brain I'll make an open Door, Crashing thin Bones, and drown his Tongue in Gore; His

38 *The BLAZING COMET: or,*

His Mouth, his Eyes, his Nostrils pour a Flood,
To sob his Soul out in a Gush of Blood.

Lim. Tell me, what would you have me do? I'll
fly like Lightning to perform it.

L. Flame. Kill him, kill him.

Lim. I wish the Earth would cleave unto the Center,
That I to hide myself therein might enter.

Wild. Down, down ; pray and die.

Lim. Give me leave to pray ; giving is praying,
and here is an Object. [Going to Poverty.
Now *Dives* like, I must ask a Request of him that
I refused to relieve. Here take this, and for the
good of my Soul, take my Body too.

[*Poverty carries Limpo off.*

L. Flame. Kill him, kill him.

Wild. Transporting Charmer, now I am alive,
I am all Spirit, Taste, Fire and Love.

L. Flame. Well, now you are come, I am in an
Extasy; but I won't meddle with you, nor you shan't
meddle with me ; you shan't so much as touch me,
I'll not be teaz'd.

Wild. Bright Ladies oft unmarried fall,
By granting nothing, or by granting all.

L. Flame. Why, that is very pretty ; I could
love to grant you a little, but oh ! 'tis a dangerous
thing, you know, for a Woman to play with the
Apples of Paradise.

Wild. Alas! alas!

L. Flame. What is the matter ?

Wild. A single Body is but a Half-Self : Come,
do, let you and I put us two Halves together, and
so make a whole one.

L. Flame. Then you'll be half Man, half Wo-
man, for you know a married Man is but a Meg-
harry.

Wild. Good !

L. Flame.

The BEAUTIES of the POETS. 39

L. *Flame.* Of all Creatures in the great Creation,
there's nothing constant but the Fowls: two Larks
we'll be, and leap from Bough to Bough, then swift
to my Bed of Grass I'll fly, but you—
Will spring alert in Air upon Wing,
Sprightly amaz'd in Clouds to sing.

Wild. From Rapture to Rapture, we'll mount
up higher,
Then descend like a Globe of Fire,
And every Feather shiver with Desire. }
L. *Flame.* Avaunt, be gone !

[Wildfire sings.]

*False Lovers, like Hunters pursue the flying Hare,
Down Dale, up Hill, with Labour and with Care :
But when the wis'd-for Prey is taken,
They seek new Game, the old is quite forsaken.*

Wild. Oh now my Heart begins to melt ! O sweet
Inchanter, fay, will you let me ; O let me fly to
meet thee in the Gloom of Night ! Then softly and
silent as the Moon, that steals thro' all the Stars,
gliding along the milky Way, she climbs to eclipse
the Sun ; so softly will I come ? Say, shall I ?

L. *Flame.* Yes, my Lord, you may. [Exeunt.



A C T



ACT V.

SCENE, *a Hall in Sublimo's House.*

Enter Sublimo, a Servant gives him a Letter. [reads.]

Sub.'T IS from R^omundo — ha ! Nimpasto
in pursuit of my Life, and is now
upon the Wing to perform his De-
sign!'Tis better from Evil, well foreseen, to run,
Than perish in the Danger you may shun.
If he's resolved to take away my Life, it is not pos-
sible for me to prevent it : I will disguise myself,
and like a menial Servant will receive him, and in
that Shape I will accuse myself of base dishonourable
things, that unsuspecting he may declare the cause
why he pursues my Life : He must have some Mo-
tive, but what, is dark to me. [Exit.Enter Taylor, supported by the Jew, with a News-
Paper in his Hand.

Tay. Ah ! what ill news this Paper doth reveal ?

Jew. What ill ?

Tay. This Fardingal Fashion has broke my Heart.

Jew. Why so, Friend.

Tay. It stirs up all the Jealousy of my Soul, and
makes me to suspect the most pious virtuous Virgin
Queen.

Jew.

The BEAUTIES of the POETS. 41

Jew. Friend, the News lyes.

Tay. I am gone too far, Comfort can't call me back. O lead, lead me to my everlasting Resting-Place. Angels are in this House, here will I die.

[Drops on his Knees.

O Heaven, tell thy self what I shoud say,
Thou know'st—I feel too much to pray.
My wand'ring Breath is on the Wing to part,
Weak is my Pulse, and hardly heaves my Heart.
Ah! the World I enter is a Willow Green,
And fit for a Lover vanquish'd by a Queen. [Dies.

Jew. Ah! That I could love and die!

These Eyes of mine have seen
A brighter Object than a Queen. [Exit.

S C E N E changes to a Vista to Sublimo's House.

Enter Nimposto *armed*, with a Servant.

Nim. Here put on my Beard, I am not willing to be known. [Servant puts on his Beard. Say not who you belong to, and stay at yonder Gate with my Horses till I return.

Serv. I will, my Lord. [Exit.

Enter Sublimo *dguised*.

Nim. Friend, can you tell me if Sublimo is at home?

Sub. Sir, he is.

Nim. Are you sure?

Sub. I have this moment waited upon him, tho' I am one of the meanest Servants he has.

Nim. Can any thing be mean, that lives with the greatest Man in the Universe?

Sub. I believe his Name is exceeding great in the World; but I am very sure he acts not up to his Character with me.

Nim. Has he done thee wrong?

G

Sub.

42 *The BLAZING COMET: or,*

Sub. He often gives my Right away to others.

Nim. Pray what do you mean?

Sub. I have worn out this Body in his Service, and he has not yet paid me any Wages.

Nim. Then why do you live with him?

Sub. There is some small matter set down in his Will, to be laid out in Land for me, but not till after his Death.

Nim. Then thou wilt gain by his Death.

Sub. Yes, Sir, but so very little, it will not keep me alive; tho' sometimes I wish his Death.

Nim. Art thou of no Trade?

Sub. Sir, I am not; but I am thinking if *Sublimo* dies to make interest to the great *Nimposto*.

Nim. Haft thou heard of him?

Sub. That he's the most generous Man alive.

Nim. This is a Man for my Purpose. [Aside.]
Friend, canst thou keep a Secret?

Sub. Sir, I can.

Nim. I am *Nimposto*.

Sub. Heaven blefs you, Sir.

Nim. And my Busines here is to destroy *Sublimo*.

Sub. Succes attend you, Sir.

Nim. You say you often wish him dead?

Sub. I do, Sir.

Nim. If you will affist me, and let me know where I can best perform my Pleasure upon him, thou shalt live with me, and I will make thee equal to my self in Happiness.

Sub. Sir, I thank you; if you please to look this way—See yonder is a Wood, in that he often walks about this time of the Day; and when you have finish'd your Design, make thro' that Gate, and hafte away; then you'll be safe.

Nim. Friend, for a while farewell.

Sub. Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

The BEAUTIES of the POETS. 43

Enter Limp and a Poet.

Lim. Poet, thy Merit is great, I admire it can't raise thee above the Reach of Necessity.

Poet. My Lord, Merit is nothing ; because those that are capable to encourage it, seldom have Taste, Generosity or Friendship.

Lim. I pity those which in these Years of late Do write, when Taste has shut and barr'd her Gate : Where Day and Night in vain good Writers knock, And for their Labour oft have but a Mock.
Here is a Purse of Guineas for thee.

Enter Plenty.

Poet. So Princes their Poets should regard,
For few can write, but fewer can reward.

[*Exit Poet.*

Plen. So my Lord, what has bent your Mind to Pity ?

Lim. Living low has brought me down to converse with Virtue.

Plen. And what find you there ?

Lim. Something worthy to be rais'd. Certainly Poverty is a Hell upon Earth, it eclipses the brightest Virtues, and is the very Sepulchre of brave Designs ; deprives a Man of the Means to accomplish what Nature has fitted him for, and stifles the noblest Thoughts in their Embryo. How many illustrious Souls may be said to have been dead among the Living, or bound alive in the Obscurity of their Conditions, whose Perfections have render'd them the Darlings of Providence, and Companions of Angels ? Yet the insuperable Penury of all things has render'd them amongst the very Cast-aways of the Earth ; and those that are not Friends to these Men, are utter Enemies of Heaven.

G 2

Enter

44 *The BLAZING COMET : or,*

Enter Lord Wildfire upon long Legs.

Wild. Where is she, ah ! they fly,
As before the Mountain Lion's Ire,
The Village Curs and trembling Swains retire,
I like a blazing Star pursue, and set you all on
Fire. [Plenty and Limp^o run off.]

I burn in Flames : Where is the Woman ?

[Wildfire sings. *Lady Flame comes to the Window.*

L. Flame. Why should we grieve when these Fires
do scourge us ?

Our Crimes breed Fire, those Fires return to purge
us.

Wild. O let me plunge in a thousand Floods ;
that I'd been born upon the mighty Deluge-day, .
when slumbering Winds awaked and rouz'd from
their stony Caves, then from the four Hinges of the
World came rushing all amain, a dark Body of
Clouds overcast the Sky, from many a horrid Riff
abortive pour'd fierce Rain with Lightning mixt.
Tremendous Thunders bellow'd : Both ends of Hea-
ven roar'd : Fire ran along the Sands of the Desart,
the Air was all in a flame, Horror seized the Minds
of Mortals, the Dragons were touch'd with Re-
morse, the mighty Flood-gates of the deep broke
up, the Rocks gush'd out and Fountains flowed ;
tempestuous Cataracts with Fire, fought Thunder,
Lightning and Hail. The wild Cascades of the
Skies fill'd Seas, proud Floods fought Clouds, and
Whales plunged high and kis'd the Moon.

L. Flame. Come, come ; and both these Arms
shall bind thy Head, and lull thee fast to sleep in my
own Bed.

Wild. With Wings upon my Heels I'll fly to thee,
And taste the Joys of Immortality.

[He gets in at the Window.]

S C E N E

SCENE a Wood.

Enter Sublimo pensive.

Sub. Yonder my Enemy comes, big with Resolution fierce to destroy.

It must be done (my Soul) but 'tis a strange, A dismal and mysterious Change ; When thou shalt leave this Tenement of Clay, And to an unknown Somewhere wing away ; When Time shall be Eternity, and thou Shalt be thou know'st not what, and live thou know'st not how.

Some courteous Ghof, tell us this great Secrecy, What 'tis you are, and what we must be ; You warn us of approaching Death, and why May we not know from you what 'tis to die ? But ye that have shot the Gulph, delight to see Succeeding Souls plunge in with like uncertainty.

[Hides his Face in his Cloak.

Enter Nimpasto with a drawn Sword.

Nim. My Blood springs swift thro' every part, In fury flies to fortify my Heart :

Art thou *Sublimo* ?

[Uncovers his Face.

Sub. The same.

Nim. Man, thou must die.

Sub. If thou art just, no doubt but I deserve it.

[*Sublimo bows, Nimpasto steps back amazed.*

Nim. When bold Rebellion shook the Realms above,

The undaunted Guard of Cloud-compelling Jove, The traytor Gods, by mad Ambition driven, Durst threat with Chains the Omnipotence of Heaven,

The mightiest Power rous'd, through Elements thunder'd along,

Not he that shakes the solid Globe so strong ;

With

46 *The BLAZING COMET : or,*

With giant Pride, at Jove's high Throne he stands,
And brandish'd round him all his hundred Hands,
The affrighted Gods confessed their awful Lord,
They dropt their Fetters, trembl'd and ador'd.

[*Drops his Sword.*

Sub. Why seem you thus amaz'd? my Life is
at your service, I'll not resist.

Nim. No, I will perform the Execution on my
self.

[*Stoops to take up the Sword, Sublimo prevents him.*

Sub. Great and noble Man, accept of my Life,
'tis nothing to me, you desire to have it, you are
greater than *Alexander*, he like a current Flood of
Fire forcing resistless way, burning and destroying
all, pleased with the discord Sound of Widows
Howls; but you seek my Life only, then when I
offer it, why do you refuse to take it?

Nim. Why are you so willing to give it?

Sub. Because you desire it, and no one ever yet
ask'd a request of me but I gave it; and all this
is no great Virtue: for what is Life? a Hill that
all Men upwards climb, when first we begin to
rise, we are amazed in Mist, and cannot see, then
clear a little as we mount, admire and love, but
cannot stay to enjoy. Forced on by Time, I am
come to the tip-top of the Mount of Life, see how
I rose, what I am, and how I shall descend; I ne-
ver shall, in this World, be nearer Heaven than
now I am: it is at your service if you would please
to accept of my Life.

Nim. No, my Lord, I cannot.

Sub. Then if I must live, let it be at your House,
I will be call'd *Nimposto*, you *Sublimo*; stay here,
and inherit my Fame because you value it.

Nim. You desire not the Praise of Mortals, your
Fame resounds throughout the Skies; the innocent
Men you feed, whisper it into the Ears of Angels:
then they mount in Raptures, wing away, willing

The BEAUTIES of the POETS. 47

to proclaim it thro' the highest Heaven : but as for me, I am like the ambitious Fool
That with horny Hoofs would pass
O'er hollow Arches of resounding Brafs ;
To rival Thunder in its rapid Course,
And imitate inimitable Force.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Wildfire and Lady Flame.

Wild. Oh ! Woman, why do I love thee ?

L. Flame. Oh ! Man why do I like thee ?

Wild. What is Man without a Woman ?

L. Flame. He is like —

Wild. A live Salmon upon a Gravel-Walk.

L. Flame. A Creature out of his Element.

Wild. O my dearest, dearest Eyes, amongst a thousand thousand Hearts none is so fervent to you as mine.

L. Flame. From Day to Day I pass in such like Fashion,

Hither and thither tossed by my Passion ;
If in this Life we shall be joined never,
Death only be the Means to join us ever.

Wild. Where is thy Pain of Love ?

L. Flame. Fie ! fie ! you make me blush.

Wild. 'Tis mingled in my vital Life, the Spirit of my Soul.

L. Flame. But don't you think this Love of the Spirit has a great mind to end in the Flesh ?

Wild. No.

L. Flame. Come, come, then let us destroy these Bodies, and see how it will be then.

Wild. My willing Heart is free ; strike, strike on, or I'll strike first, and make thy Soul swift fly away to Heaven.

L. Flame. No, no, no, if I go first, you'll stay behind, and marry somebody else.

Wild.

48 *The BLAZING COMET: or,*

Wild. Depend upon my Honour.
Cupid in thy Eyes inflames Desire,
And with his Wings blows up my furious Fire.
Thou shining Sun, thy Beams will make me spring
Sprightly alert in Air on Eagle's Wing;
Swift to the burning Globe, but if we part,
The lack of thee breeds Winter in my Heart.

L. Flame. Come, come, kill me, kill me!
I'll climb the Clouds from all Despair,
Walk with Wings, and tread in Air;
Then to *Elysian* Mansions both we'll fly,
Be marry'd there, and never more to die.
But hold, we have spent all our Time, Thoughts
and Care, upon these Bodies, and now we shall
leave them both behind: Alack-a-day! we are
going to travel into a strange Country, have sent
no Money before, and take no Money with us;
alas! alas! why, we shall be very poor.

Enter Poverty.

Wild. See, see, here this Man is a Banker of
Heaven!

Pov. Pray remember the Poor.

Wild. Here's all the Money I have; give me a
Note upon the high Treasury above, I am now
travelling to the divine Abodes: draw me a Bill
upon the Banker in the Moon.

L. Flame. But hold, hold my Lord, the Banker
in the Moon is broke and run away, his Habitation
is like a Skimming-dish.

Wild. The bright Angel of the Sun will shine
upon him with all his golden Beams, and set him
up again full Orb.

L. Flame. If the Money is safe, take my Gloves,
my Box, my Fan.

Wild. My Hat, my Coat, and all I have in Life.

L. Flame. My Apron, Petticoat and Coif.

Wild.

The BEAUTIES of the POETS. 49

Wild. Now by Reason Divine our Souls are waked,
We'll give him all our Clothes, and run about stark-naked.
[Musick plays.]

Wild. Now strike on let us mount on high;
Our Spirits wing in Raptures to the Sky,
Admiring at ourselves when first we fly.

L. Flame. Hold, hold, my Lord; I think I came into this World for something more than this; just now my Head is an Egg laid in the Nest of Love, and *Cupid* hovers over it, and will turn it addle: and before you kill me, do, do, sit upon it, and make it hatch an Angel; come, come, come, do, do; come, come. [Exit.]

S C E N E a Room in Sublimo's House.

Enter Cristele, and Servant gives a Letter.

Criste. Who is this from?

Serv. 'Tis from *Sublimo*.

Criste. [Reads] Desire me to stay here this day, and to-morrow bear the tidings of his Death to *Cristele*! Heaven, what does it mean? Will he kill himself? I am the cause of all his Grief, I'll be in secret no longer, I'll discover my self to prevent it.

[Takes off her Disguise.]

I am going too far, my Vow to Heaven that wars with natural Love, this conflicting Fire. Oh! my *Sublimo* live, but think of me no more: I am a poor, unfortunate, miserable Woman, [kneels.] And prostrate before the pitying Eye of Heaven, when the Beams of Grace and Reason enlightened me, I fight against these Passions in my Heart, then with my Face prest into the Earth, I mix my Sighs and Tears in the Dust; come and see me in this Posture, and sollicite me to love you; come, if you think fit, and with your divine Soul thrust yourself between me and the Everlasting, to be a

H

Wall

50 *The BLAZING COMET: or,*

Wall of Separation: Come and force from me those
Sighs, Thoughts and Vows, which I owe to Hea-
ven only.

Enter Sublimo.

Sub. O ye Powers ! is it *Cristele*, or her Ghost I
see ! His Fortune blest or mock'd, or do deluding
Nymphs, and Fairies haunt the secret Chambers of
my Houle, walking about in borrow'd Forms, to
tantalize or charm our softest Hopes, with the I-
mage of our highest, best beloved ?

[*Cristele rises, and sees Sublimo; she starts.*

Crist. Oh ! my *Sublimo* lives.

Sub. Now my clouded Soul clears up in Light,
And Day opens the bright eastern Gate,
Whence *Phæbus*, like a Bridegroom to his Mate,
Comes dancing forth, and shakes his dewy Hair,
Fitting his Beams to spread thro' Sky and Air:
Angels ride on every Ray, and sing,
Proclaiming Day, and everlasting Spring.

O Heaven, what Tongue, Pen or Harmony can
express me wrapt ? What Thoughts, what Contem-
plations rise in my Breast ? My ravished Soul is
ready to break Prison for Joy.

[*He runs, and takes her in his Arms.*

Crist. Let not your Raptures rise too high, lest
you raise yourself above your Reason.

Sub. Say, say, oh how long shall I be happy !

Crist. I hope for ever.

Sub. My Joys in this Life are in your Presence
only.

Crist. Think not of that, I must depart here soon.

Sub. Oh my *Cristele*, if you leave me I shall die.

Crist. Oh Heaven, what is my Hope ! O Angels,
guide me, lest I fall for ever.

Sub. Let thy Anguish cease, I'll ask no more of
thee, than Heaven allows.

Crist.

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Crist. Desire me not to leave the Convent ; is it possible to live in the World, where feverish Furies of the Blood, and youthful green unlimited Passions rage ? Can we converse with unclean Intellects, and not receive a Spot ?

Sub. When *Phœbus* is on the Wing by Day, his Garment covers all the Sky ; the golden Fringes of it dangle to the Globe, and trail along in a miry Soil, yet never receive the least Speck of Dirt : they are dipp'd and plunged in Rivers, Lakes and Seas, yet they are never wet ; and as the Sun's invested with an immortal Robe of Light, whose Train is born up by the Moon and Stars ; so bright thy Soul displays the Rays of its immortal Virtues. It has Love, Light, and Life ; the brightest Angels in Heaven protect thee. O *Cristele* say, will you make me happy ?

Crist. As far as Heaven permits, I will.

Sub. That's all I wish.

Enter Nimposto.

Now, my Lord, I return you Thanks for my Life.

Nim. Long may you live.

Enter Plenty and Limp.

Plen. Much Happiness attend your Lordship.

Lim. Eternal Joys surround you.

Sub. You see it does, my Lords.

Enter Romondo.

Rom. Long live *Sublimo* ! Now you have conquer'd the Powers of Darkness, may you taste the Pleasures of the Blest !

Sub. *Romondo*, I return you Thanks.

Rom. Bright on a Throne from Heaven's highest Height,

Jove full blaze came spreading vast in Flight,
Dissolving

Dissolving Glory fill'd the Air with Light,
Neptune, the God of Sea took envy at the Sight,
His Army rising from the azure Main,
Warr'd on the King of Heaven with stern Disdain.
Jove's Anger flow, by Insolence was fed,
At length his radiant white flash'd Fury red,
With angry Conflict rolling round his Head.
In rumbling Roar, that rouz'd the Billows higher,
Wrapt him in a Cloud, and flang Tartarean Ire :
Lightning ran along the Shore ; the Seas were all
on fire.

Neptune diving, darts to his horrid Cell,
Trembling he felt the mighty Pangs of Hell.
Jove again full-blaze the stormy Seas forsook,
From Realm to Realm three ample Strides he took,
Thund'ring up the high Profound, the Worlds
above all shook.



F I N I S.



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